

# Ripley Advertiser.

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## THE RIPLEY ADVERTISER J. F. FORD.

PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER

TERMS:—The ADVERTISER will be issued regularly every Saturday, at \$2 50, in advance in every instance. No subscription will be received for a less period than six months.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be charged at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per square, (ten lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuance.

Announcing candidates for office—ten for State and five for County—invariably in advance. The CASH will be required for all Job work when delivered—this rule will be strictly observed.

Letters addressed to this office on business, must be post paid, or they might not be attended to.

Advertisements should be marked with the number of insertions on the margin, or they will be continued until ordered out, at an increased charge.

### SCENE IN ITALY.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune writing from Italy, thus describes the appearance of the country and mode of agriculture, which he witnessed in passing from Salerno to Paestum.

"Our road lay for many miles along the Bay that spread away brightly in the morning sun, and though the towns that skirt the base of Vesuvius, and along the barren lava-tracks near Pompeii, and finally opened into the cultivated plains,—when we trotted quietly off toward Salerno. Vineyards came up to the road as far as the eye could reach, interspersed with open cultivated grounds, in which the peasants in their picturesque costume, were gaily at work. The vines in this region are trained on tall poles, that give the vineyards the appearance of a wood, and do not produce so fine an effect as those farther north. The fields being without fences had an open look, and the mingling of men and women together in their cultivation gave them a chequered appearance, and rendered them very picturesque. In the middle of a large green wheat-field would be a group of men and women weeding the grain, the red petticoats and blue spencers of the latter contrasting beautifully with the color of the fields. In one plot of ground I saw a team and a mode of ploughing quite unique, yet withal very simple. The earth was soft as if already broken up, and needed only a little mellowing. To effect this, a man had harnessed his wife to a plough, which she dragged with all the patience of an ox to and fro, he the mean time holding it behind, as if he had been accustomed to drive and she to go. This was literally 'ploughing with the heifer.' She, with a strap around her breast, leaning gently forward, and he, bowed over the plough behind, presented a most curious picture in the middle of a field. The plough here is a very simple instrument, having but one handle and no share, but in its place a pointed piece of wood, sometimes shod with iron, projecting forward like a spur, and merely passes through the ground like a sharp-pointed stick, without turning a smooth furrow like our own.

MARCH 4th, 1815.—It will be worth while, when the error which chance has committed shall be corrected and Mr. Tyler shall retire (if that is a word expressive and picturesque enough to convey the notion of what will then befall him) from the supreme authority of this country, to witness the sudden change of note, in the courtly crowd that now besiege him at home, and fawn around his steps when he goes abroad. How mute will Adulation suddenly be struck! How, all at once, when eycophants and time-servers have no longer any thing to hope or fear from him, will they begin to brave him, to tell him harsh truths, discharge, upon the moment of his impotency, the arrears of scorn which he has heaped up for himself, even among the servile wretches who have, for their own ends, sung their hosannas about him!

Who will then be 'so poor as to do him reverence?' What will be the attendance at that last bitter hour, which nearly every one of his acts of authority, that had any purpose in it, has prepared for him? Where are the good that he has obliged, the true-hearted that he has drawn about him? There are none. He has dispensed public rewards to none but those whose base pendency, flatteries and servilities should have been to him the plainest warning that nothing but ingratitude and betrayal was to be expected from them, and that for those an easy justification would be found in his own example. Happy will it be for him if he can escape into obscurity from which he so unflinchingly rose, unsaluted by a concert of scoffs,

a grand Oratorio of hisses, raised by his own venal train, and chorused from side to side, of all parties, until he shall find that he is henceforth to be, in this country, for his miserable faithlessness, his utter corruption, and the extreme faulty of his whole public course,

"A wretch never named but with curses and jeers."

Richmond Whig.

### REVENUE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

From the revenue accounts made up last month we find that the net increase upon the year ending at that time was upwards of four millions sterling. The English papers show that this increase is from income and not from capital.

The working of the income tax—in Robert Peel's favorite measure—seems to tickle certain Tories wonderfully. Before its adoption the failure of the revenue to meet the expenditures of the government, and the absolute impossibility of creating any sinking fund to lessen the debt was like a thorn in their side. The adoption of a measure which struck off a portion of the interest at the outset, and increased so suddenly the revenue of the kingdom, was a God-send hailed with no ordinary pleasure. It may apparently, work well, but the strength and increased action England feels from it, seems to us like that which results from a sudden stimulant. We never knew a government to sustain itself long on such a measure. This exhaustion of extraordinary measures in times of peace leaves no resource for the greater emergencies of war.

The most curious thing, however, in the revenue accounts is, that there has been an increase in the exercise the last quarter, notwithstanding the temperance movement. We cannot account for the fact that the exercise returns should give an increase the last quarter of £240,000, making at that rate nearly £1,000,000 a year. Father Mathew, we supposed, would reduce this materially, and indeed it was supposed so by English politicians themselves.

There had been a decrease in the 'customs during the last quarter of £410,000, yet it is said that in one week, and it was believed in one ending the 10th of October £700,000 was paid for corn duties.

N. Y. Tribune.

IMPORTANT SLAVE CASES.—A case of harboring and concealing runaway slaves; was tried at the July term of the U. S. Circuit Court, District of Ohio, Judge McLean presiding, which, after considerable delay incidental to the receiving of testimony, was concluded on the 18th inst. It appeared in evidence that on Sunday morning, the 24th of April, 1843, a wagon, driven by a negro boy, was noticed going through Sharonville, in Hamilton county, at a very rapid rate. Suspicion was excited, and some started in pursuit on horseback. The wagon was overtaken and found to contain seven negroes, with the defendant, (John Van Zandt.) When asked if the negroes were slaves, he said they were free by nature; and being questioned as to where he met them, replied that they got into his wagon at Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati. The pursuing party then committed the negroes to jail at Covington, where they were identified by the plaintiff, (Wharton Jones) as his slaves. The extent of damage claimed by the plaintiff was \$1200, for which amount the jury returned a verdict.

In another action on the same, for penalty (\$500) provided by the law of the United States, a similar verdict was obtained.

STORE TEA.—A countryman, not particularly acquainted with the various names and qualities of the China herb, was taking his breakfast yesterday at the St. Charles, when he called upon the waiter for a cup of tea.

"What kind of tea will you have, sir?"

"Why tea!—give me a cup of tea?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir—but what kind of tea?"

"Store tea, don't you!" responded the countryman, in a tone which told that he was a little "savage"—"do you think I want to drink sassafras when I come to town!"

### ALMOST COTCHED.

There is somewhat of a moral attached to the following little story, and we give it nearly as it was related to us. But few persons, so prone are we to grasp at the shadow at the expense of the subject, bear

in mind the good adage, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

A wealthy farmer down east had a son who was always planning something that would in his own opinion increase the revenue of the farm, and thus make him a bigger man when his old dad's will & testament were made out. He was forever saving at the spile and letting out at the bung-hole—a failing which is rather common among us tipplers.

One day as the lowering heavens portended a coming storm, the old man said to his speculating son—

"Jake, take them 'ere ternal oxen down to water, and then go to the field and rake up the hay, for them clouds look threatening."

Jake, as in duty bound, took the oxen down to the stream, over the limped bosom of which was a rude log bridge. The thirty herd soon measured the distance between their noses and the water, and while they were 'luxuriating, Jake espied a plump, large pike, weighing, according to his calculation, about nine or ten pounds.

The fish seemed poised in its liquid element so steadily that it appeared inanimate.

"That's a whopper!" said Jake to himself. "I guess as how that critter would make a breakfast for all hands to-morrow, and save farther lots of bacon and eggs. Golly! I wish I'd hook and bait, I'd show him a Yankee trick. I'll bet the thing's asleep—he lays there so quiet and nice one might almost pickle him alive."

"Jake!" bellowed the old man from the house, "stack that 'ere hay the gust is coming."

"Father's mighty fierce," continued the boy, gazing on the fish—"he don't know what's what.—Now, if I'd that pike, I guess he wouldn't think much of the hay. I reckon it must weigh about twenty pounds. Why I'm a-take the varmint, he hasn't stirred yet."

"Jake go to work on that 'ere hay! reiterated the father.

"Father's calling, and the rains beginning to fall—I guess the pikes worth more than the hay. It's breakfast for a member of Congress. I wish father'd stop talking that thunderin' noise—that fish will feed twenty men—and hay or no hay, I'll have it."

The rain now began to pour, and the old man continued his call—but Jake sure of his prey, poised his pitchfork steadily, all the while muttering, 'breakfast for all hands—bacon and eggs saved—hay kst!—The doubled pronged harpoon flew into the chrysol element, the bubbles rose, and the surface for a moment was dark and muddy. "Ha! I've got the varmint," exclaimed the boy, stooping down to witness the dying agonies of his victim—"we'll have a prime breakfast."

But the fish was gone! The mist passed from the rippling waters, and left nothing but the pitchfork sticking in the pebble bottom.

"Tarnation to you, said Jake as he saw the Pickeral darting down the stream.

"I'm not sorry you're gone, for you're not worth the fat it would take to fry you."

CRUEL DECEPTION.—The Rochester Democrat says a young man in that city, whose intemperate habits had reduced his family to want, signed the temperance pledge about six months kept it faithfully, during which time he has regained his strength and made his family comparatively comfortable. Some two months ago he was employed by a tavern keeper at whose house he boarded. His zeal for temperance enraged his employer, and induced him to form a plan to make the noble-hearted reformed inebriate break his pledge. To effect this he mixed whiskey with some ginger beer, which he poured out of a beer bottle, and it was unconsciously drunk by the unfortunate victim. Before he detected the fraud, the poor fellow had tasted the alcohol. His poor wife and children are again beggared; and none but those who know what a drunkard's family suffers, can conceive the misery which this family has endured since the success of the fiendish plot to destroy their peace.

Heavy Men.—The largest person ever known in Ireland, with perhaps, the exception of Philip Macboulle, the celebrated Irish giant, was Roger Byrne, who resided in Ossory, and was buried on the 17th of May, 1787, in the church-yard of Rosseanalis, in Queen's county. The coffin and its contents weighed five hundred and seventy-eight pounds. It was borne on a very long

hier, by thirty strong men, who were relieved at intervals. Roger Byrne died of no other disease than suffocation, by a superabundance of fat, which stopped the play of his lungs, and put a period to his life in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was one hundred pounds heavier than the noted Bright, of Malden, in England, who weighed four hundred and sixty pounds—and within the circumference of whose waistcoat seven of the largest men in that town could be enclosed without constraint, and one hundred and eighty pounds lighter than Daniel Lambert, who died in 1809, and weighed seven hundred and thirty pounds!

We believe the heaviest man ever known in England was Caleb Towle, an industrious, wealthy and respectable citizen of Centre Harbor, New Hampshire, who died in 1833, from an extraordinary increase of flesh. Though short of five feet ten inches high, he weighed five hundred and fifteen pounds!—Boston Journal.

"Is He Rich?"—Many a sigh is heaved—many a heart is broken, many a life is rendered miserable by the infatuation which parents often evince in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in every point of view as virtue is to vice? And yet how often is wealth considered a better recommendation than virtue?

Is he rich? Yes, he abounds in wealth—but that does not afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband!

Is he rich? Yes, his clothing is purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day,—but can you infer from this that he is virtuous?

Is he rich? Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches sometimes take wings and fly away? And will you consent that your daughter shall marry a man who has nothing to recommend him but his wealth? Ah! beware, the gilded bait sometimes covers a barbed hook. Ask not if he has wealth, but if he has honor; and do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.

### GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND.

What a valuable faculty it is to have presence of mind under critical circumstances. The following interesting instance from the N. Y. Herald, is one among many in which it has preserved a human being from a cruel death. Dr.—, the physician in charge of the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island, has been in the habit of amusing him daily in fishing for bass and porgies in the Hurlgate's crew being generally composed of inmates of the Asylum who were so far recovered as to be allowed the recreation of such trips. A few days since he took with him "Admiral Bill," an old seaman, who has been confined there many years, and from the peculiar feature of his insanity, has been generally styled "Admiral," until he now answers to no other appellation. Bill had the stroke oar, and being of stalwart frame, he urged the boat along, making the crew work with a will. The doctor, who is of rather diminutive stature, was seated quietly in the stern sheet; with the tiller ropes in his hand, watching with much delight the motions of Admiral Bill—when suddenly he observed him throw up his oar in a most navy-like style, and lay it aboard.

The next moment Bill stood before him, and seized him in his powerful grasp, lifting him from his seat as if it had been an infant. Holding him out over the side, Bill demanded, "grog, or I'll throw you to the fishes."

The men had rested on their oars watching the issue, and the current was carrying the boat towards the "back." Recovering his presence of mind in an instant, the doctor fixed his eyes upon the maniac, and saw the necessity for immediate action. "Bill," said he, "it was a great oversight not to have brought the bottle along, but lay hold and we'll put back and get it. It certainly was a great oversight." Bill laid him back in the sheets, took up the oar, and in a few minutes the boat lay alongside the Asylum dock. Admiral Bill was returned to the cell, and the doctor has taken care that he has never since pulled the stroke oar.

### THEY ARE BOTH RIGHT.

We have been forcibly struck with the conclusive arguments adduced by the Calhoun papers to show, that in the event of Mr. Van Buren being the candidate of the

Locofoco party, his defeat by Mr. Clay is inevitable. Equally clear and satisfactory are the arguments of the Van Buren papers that under no circumstances can Mr. Calhoun succeed against the great Kentucky statesman, if he proves so fortunate as to become the nominee of the Locofoco National Convention, which is to convene in Baltimore in May next.

With both of these contending factions of our opponents, we fully concur; that no matter which of the two great champions is the candidate Mr. Clay's triumph over him will be signal. This is as it should be. Mr. Clay is the most consistent, able and disinterested statesman, America can boast of; and to him do the candid and upright of all parties look, as pre eminently qualified to assume the fearful duties of the Chief Magistracy of this nation, at this critical juncture of affairs. With so able and experienced a commander at our helm, the shoals and quicksands upon which the ship of State has been so frequently stranded under the mismanagement of imposter Tyler, would be avoided; and prosperity, happiness and contentment would once more gladden the hearts of the citizens of these United States.—Alton Tel.

The nomination of the "Little Dutchman," by the N. Y. Syracuse Convention has satisfied the editors of the Nation Intelligencer, as it must all others who have noted the signs of the times, that Mr. Van Buren is to be the nominee of the Locofoco National Convention notwithstanding it is clear he is not the choice of a majority of his own party. Intrigue and management will overpower all effectual opposition to him, Calhoun must speculate as to whose benefit the "victory will issue." Cass remains in retirement nursing over the "right of search" and resting upon his diplomatic honors; Johnson can in the privacy of his own home still tell how fields were won; and Buchanan must let out what "democratic blood he has in his veins"—for they all must give way to the man the People have righteously condemned as unworthy to be again trusted with power.—His friends are not satisfied with the drubbing he got in 1840, and the people are not satisfied with the dose. In faith, Whig Editors have an easy task before them. The old slogan will rally the Whigs to the rescue, and "Van will be again a used up man."—Huntsville Adv.

Appearance.—It is a remarkable fact, that every animal when dressed in human apparel, resembles mankind very strikingly in features. Put a frock, bonnet and spectacles on a pig and it looks like an old woman of fifty. A bull, dressed in an overcoat would resemble a lawyer. Tie a few ribbons around a cat, put a fan in its paw, and a boarding school miss is represented. A cocker in uniform is a general to the life. The features of a tiger call to mind those of a sailor. A hedge-hog looks like a miser. Dress a monkey in a frock coat, cut off his tail, and trim his whiskers, and you have a Broadway dandy. Jackasses resemble a good many people, but we dislike personalities in this case.

The Van Buren Family.—The Ex President has three sons, all spoken of as men possessing knowledge of the world, and fair talents. John, it is said, has all his father's knowledge of the world and gentlemanly manner and address, with a great deal more wit and humor. He married the daughter of a distinguished judge in Albany, whose talents and accomplishments are not surpassed by those of any other lady in the country. She is in declining health, and, with her husband, is about to visit the West India Islands, with a view to its restoration. Abraham, the eldest son, is an amiable man, but has not half the talent of John. He married the daughter of a wealthy planter of South Carolina, and thus inherits a fortune of probably \$150,000. Smith Van Buren is probably the closest thinker and ablest writer of the three, but he is not so much a man of the world as John. He is united to a highly respectable lady of Albany, who will also bring him a large fortune. In the way of fortune, they all seem to be pretty well provided for.

OCCUPATION.—We believe no one can be healthy and happy without occupation, some regular employment or profession. The life of an idler is always a restless and unsatisfactory one, and 'killing time' the most laborious of all work. Every one who prefers a cheerful and contented mind, to the horror of mental ennui, should employ his talents in some reputable calling.